

Sketch

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Stravinsky

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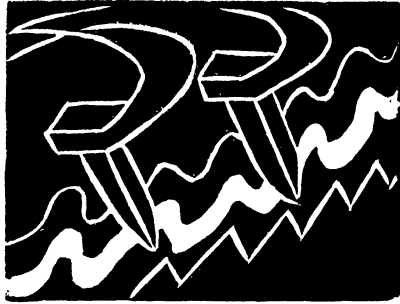
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Stravinsky

Dick Ellis

Abstract

How is wood to the touch? Light to the eye? Sound to the ear?...



Stravinsky

Dick Ellis

How is wood to the touch?

Light to the eye? Sound to the ear?

Listen:

Tack golden nails on silence with trumpet,

Ripple silver on ebony bars,

Pile sound on discordant sound and eclipse reason

Challenge the sun,

Dredge hell—

Then sail the soft moon gently,

Haunt the dark shadow,

Drift pure, quiet flame.

The wood is gone—

There is only the music.